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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

— Ut Pictura, Poesis.

HOR.

By the Rev. JOSEPH GOOD.

S H E R B O R N E :

Printed by GOADBY and LERPINIÈRE ;

And sold by R. BALDWIN, in Pater-noster-Row, London.

(1790)

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DANIEL B. FEARING  
30 JUNE 1916



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THE following Lines were written, for the most Part, at a very early Time of Life; particularly the Poem upon Spring; which has undergone many Alterations, and had been long laid aside without any Intention of publishing it, though the Writer has, at length, been induced to give it a Place in this Collection. As he assumes no Merit from this Performance, and candidly acknowledges his great Inferiority to the celebrated Author of the Seasons, whom he has followed, (though not *Passibus æquis*) he hopes that an indulgent Publick will make all due Allowances, and kindly accept of it, such as it is, with the other little Pieces; which, as they were the Production, so they are now offered for the Amusement of a vacant Hour.



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# P O E M S.

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## *The* CONCERT *of* BIRDS.

*Non omnia possumus omnes.*

ONCE on a Time a Proclamation  
Was made throughout the feather'd Nation,  
That all the Birds of Song should meet,  
To furnish a melodious Treat.

At the fix'd Time, great Numbers throng  
To feast their Ears with rural Song.  
The royal Eagle takes his Place;  
Birds of all Kinds th' Assembly grace:  
The Peacock with his gaudy Tail,—  
The Pheasant—Plover—Partridge—Quail—  
But whether musical, or not,  
It does not matter much, I wot;  
So great for Musick is the Rage,  
And such the Fashion of the Age!

The Robin Red-breast, Friend to Man,  
The pleasing Concert first began.  
The Lark succeeds with warbling Throat;  
The Blackbird next, of tuneful Note.  
The cheerful Wren, the Goldfinch gay,  
The Nightingale, whose matchless lay

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Echoes the Forest—Vallies—Hills—  
And ev'ry Breast with Rapture fills.  
All join their Efforts, to delight,  
From Morning grey, to sable Night.  
Th' Assembly with loud Praises rings  
To ev'ry Bird that sweetly sings.

The Magpie only vents his Passion ;  
“ I never pay Respect to Fashion ;  
“ Whate'er I think, I dare to speak ;  
“ To fear befits a Coward weak ;  
“ From all your Judgments I dissent :  
“ The pretty Nightingale, Content,  
“ Alone of all the feather'd Train,  
“ Can give, with her melodious Strain.  
“ The chirping Finch—the chatt'ring Jay—  
“ *That* Coxcomb Blackbird, on the Spray,  
“ No real Pleasure can dispense  
“ To Birds of Song, or Birds of Sense.”

The Blackbird, thus, with quick Reply,  
Sharply rebukes the stand'ring Pie :  
“ I know thy Malice, Friend, of old,  
“ Pert—envious—empty—brawling—bold—  
“ One, who could ne'er submit to raise  
“ Thy Neighbour's Fame, with well-earn'd Praise ;  
“ Whose Words and Wishes only tend  
“ To censure what thou canst not mend.  
“ If I should strive to arrogate  
“ A Pow'r beyond the Will of Fate ;  
“ If—with the Nightingale in Song,  
“ Your Sentence, then, would not be wrong :  
“ Yielding to her superior Lays,  
“ I only ask a Blackbird's Praise.”

## S P R I N G.

*Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus.*

## C A N T O I.

**F**ROM milder Skies propitiously descend,  
 Breathing sweet Influence on Mân, on Beast,  
 On all the vegetable Tribes, O! come,  
 Enchanting Season, ever-blooming Spring,  
 With each attractive Grace, each soft Delight,  
 On kindly Zephyrs wafted, come, descend!  
 Unbind the frozen bosom of the Earth,  
 That Things inanimate, as well as those  
 Guided by Sense or Instinct, may confess  
 Thy genial Pow'r, thy Life-inspiring Charms.

And now, behold! bleak Winter takes his Flight,  
 While Zephyrs blow, and fatt'ning Rains call forth  
 Nature's reviving Verdure: See! the Bud  
 Protub'rant cleaves, and by Degrees unfolds  
 Her tender Leaves to Sol's enlivening Ray.  
 But scarcely, yet, the Season will admit  
 So sweet a Change, tho' Snowdrops blossom now,  
 And the pale Primrose ushers in the Spring.  
 Tho', now, no more the fleecy Show'rs descend,  
 Nor driving Sleet, and Earth no longer mourns,  
 Freed from the frozen Shackles of the North,  
 Should the keen Air, impregnated with Nitre,  
 Still at the Approach of Evening, when the Sun  
 To distant Regions bends his joyful Course,  
 And with his cheering Light and soft'ring Heat  
 Visits th' Antipodes, should Boreas still  
 Congeal the whitening Dews, at thy Approach  
 Dissolv'd in pearly Tears they melt away.

But when bright Sol has pass'd those wintry Signs  
 Of Capricorn, and cold Aquarius,

With

With Pisces oft Times frozen, and the Ram,  
 Tho' milder far, gives Way to stately Taurus,  
 With warmer Rays of Light the World revives.  
 The feather'd Songsters, dumb, whilst Winter shook  
 His hoary Locks o'er all the frozen Realm,  
 Pour forth ten Thousand Beauties in their Notes,  
 Inimitably sweet: the Blackbird, first,  
 Hails the new Spring. Ah! then, forbear, rash Youth,  
 To sacrifice in wanton Cruelty  
 The Lives of so much Innocence! forbear  
 With sure-aim'd Treach'ry to destroy in one  
 Husband and Father—nor abuse the Gift  
 Of bounteous Nature. He who made thee Lord  
 Of all inferior Beings, did He give  
 Licence to thee, to exercise thy Pow'r,  
 Or rather say thy Tyranny, on all  
 The Brute Creation? But if this prevails not,  
 Nor Musick can inspire thy savage Breast  
 With softer Sentiments, yet e'er thou draw'st  
 The fatal Trigger, think upon a Deed  
 That must involve a Mother in Distress,  
 When she beholds her unfledg'd, helpless Young!  
 Her bleeding Partner dropping in the Midst  
 Of Song melodious! whose paternal Aid,  
 Sated their craving Appetites with Food,  
 Wide-roaming for their Sustenance:—sweet Bird:  
 Nor would he, e'er, the smallest Portion taste  
 Before his gaping Young were satisfied;  
 And when he'd fill'd with Plenty of Provisions  
 Their little Mouths—sat warbling, all the Day,  
 Tender Effusions of parental Love!

See, with what Constancy the feather'd Race  
 Their Mates prefer! see, with what curious Art,  
 Mocking the noblest human Architect,  
 Their fine-built Nests are fram'd! nor to the World,  
Blest



Blest with an Offspring, will they leave their Charge,  
 'Till Nature, that brings all Things to Perfection,  
 Prompts them, at length, pois'd on extended Wings,  
 To try the wide Expanse of liquid Air.  
 Here ends the Parent's Care: and, O! would Man  
 No Handle furnish for Remark severe,  
 Nor want Instruction from unconscious Brutes!

How chang'd is Nature's Aspect! ev'ry Bush,  
 Lately disrob'd of all its leafy Honours,  
 Shines with new Verdure! Tell me then, ye wise,  
 Ye busy—curious—sage Philosophers,  
 Who search out Nature's Secrets, and assign  
 All Things to nat'ral Causes, tell me how  
 Yon verdant Sycamore each Spring renews  
 Luxuriant Foliage? Tell me how the Rain,  
 Receiv'd in Earth's capacious Womb, ascends  
 Into its highest Branches, and supplies  
 The whole with necessary Nourishment?  
 (Is it more strange or wonderful that Bodies,  
 In Earth long buried, should again revive,  
 Than that the Trees, their annual Liv'ries shed,  
 Should bloom with Verdure at returning Spring?)

Say, how the Woodbine flowers, how Plants and Trees  
 Burst into Leaves, which, for the most Part, fall  
 When shorter Suns and keener Air announce  
 Rough Winter's stern Approach? Say, how the Bay,  
 Or Laurel, ever green, thro' hardest Frosts  
 Retain their Verdure? These, indeed, may seem  
 Within the Reach of Man's Capacity:  
 For when the Sun emits a milder Ray  
 O'er this our Hemisphere, the Juices rise,  
 Drawn by its strong attractive Quality.  
 The Oak and all the Forest Trees rejoice;  
 The budding Vine, its op'ning Leaves disclose;  
 Enamel'd

Enamel'd Meadows with the Garden's Pride,  
 All, all the blooming Progeny of Spring,  
 Their Sweets and various Dies from Thee derive.  
 But when the Face of Nature is transform'd,  
 And furly Winter shakes his hoary Head,  
 The Leaves, of nutrimental Sap bereft,  
 Dry up to Wrinkles, like Old Age, and die,  
 And falling, are the Sport of ev'ry Wind.  
 Whilst Evergreens, Emblems of Man's Duration  
 In future State of Being, have their Leaves  
 In Verdure undeciduous, all the Year.  
 An oleous Juice the Lamp of Life still feeding,  
 Whether the World in frozen Chains be bound,  
 Or what would else be Rain, falls rattling Hail.

Thus far we trace the vegetable Kind :  
 But, see, how superficial is the Knowledge  
 Of all created Beings ! yet, how vain !  
 How self-sufficient is the Mind of Man !  
 Priding himself on ev'ry new Invention,  
 And having known Effects accounted for  
 From correspondent and immediate Causes,  
 He seeks no higher. Vain Philosophy !  
 Bow down thy Head before the first great Cause.

Presumptuous Man ! who is it that directs  
 The Course of Nature, and arranges all  
 In beauteous Regularity, who gives  
 Bounds to the Ocean, which it cannot pass ?  
 Who bids the Sun call forth the latent Leaf ?  
 Who gives the Leaf its Colour, Shape, and Smell ?  
 Are these th' Effects of Chance, where Order reigns,  
 Such Symmetry ! such beautiful Proportion !  
 Is not the Hand of a superior Being,  
 The God of all Perfection, evident  
 In these his Works ? Then tune glad Songs of Praise

To him, whose Word prolific fram'd this World,  
So richly furnish'd for the Use of Man.

To Thee, great Being! whose creative Love  
Fill'd Earth, and Air, and Seas, with various Forms;  
And whose Almighty Goodness still preserves  
That Life thy Bounty gave us—unto Thee,  
Mindful of all thy Mercies, shall not Man  
Delightful Homage render? O! my Soul,  
Pour forth thyself in grateful Extacies!  
Sing, O ye Vallies! break out into Singing  
Ye highest Mountains! and wide-roaming Winds  
Fulfil your Maker's Pleasure; swift, diffuse,  
Quicker than Thought can fly, th' Incense of Praise  
With cheerful Acclamations, to the Ends  
Of this terraqueous Globe; whilst North and South  
Kindling with Adoration, join in Strains  
Of Love and Worship to their great Creator.

For thee, O Man! Creature of Heav'n high favour'd!  
The changing Seasons of the rolling Year  
Shed sweet Variety. For thee, the Fields  
Are cloth'd in green, Colour by far the best  
To Sight adapted, whereof Light and Shade  
Proportions just are blended; for if Nature  
Had ting'd with sable Die the Face of Earth,  
Or universal Whiteness scatter'd round,  
Either of these had been alike unfriendly  
To the fine Texture of the optick Nerve.  
But God omniscient, whose all-bounteous Gifts  
Proclaim him good, and merciful, and wise,  
All Things adapting to Man's Use and Pleasure,  
A Medium fix'd between the two Extremes,  
Since in the one and the same Object meets  
Agreeable Variety,—in Green,—  
Wisely compounded,—all-enlivening Colour!



The careful Husbandman, again, commits  
 The golden Barley to the teeming Soil,  
 Fruitful with wintry Snows and fatt'ning Rains.  
 No more the Earth spontaneously displays  
 Her yellow Stores, no more the Mountains nod  
 With shining Harvests, voluntary Gift  
 Of bounteous Nature; as the Poets sing  
 Of golden Age, enraptur'd: but the Farmer,  
 Conscious how Times are alter'd, will not trust  
 The fine-spun Thought, th' imaginary Theme,  
 Delusive Child of Fancy! but prepares  
 With studious Forecast for the needful Toil.  
 Now, ere the sprightly Lark, with tow'ring Flight,  
 Has hail'd th' Approach of rosy-finger'd Morn,  
*Gutt'ring* wild Musick, see the lowing Ox  
 Yok'd with his Fellow to the shining Share;  
 Rank joining Rank, the Glebe inverted lies.  
 And ere the Seedsmen, o'er the broken Soil  
 With careful Step the promis'd Harvest strews,  
 Let frequent Fires consume the noisome Weeds;  
 So shall they choke no more the springing Corn,  
 But with their Salts invigorate the Field.

When, then, the broken Clods no more require  
 Sharp-pointed Harrows, and the weary Steer  
 Ceases to drag along the tiresome Plough,  
 Th' industrious Husbandman, with Hands up-lift,  
 Prays for a Blessing on his honest Pains.  
 And, see! th' Almighty, provident for Man,  
 Sends copious Show'rs. Behold! the springing Corn,  
 Rais'd into Life by fost'ring Heat, puts forth  
 The tender Blade; whilst on yon watry Cloud  
 The Sun full-blazing, with refracted Rays,  
 Bends all the Glories of the beauteous Bow  
 Deep'ning from Shade to Shade, whose glowing Tints  
 Distinct, yet imperceptibly unite,  
 Parent of Light and Colours. Then prepare,



Ye who delight to take the spotty Trout,  
 Prepare the taper Rod, and slender Line  
 Of Horse-hair neatly woven; let the Hook  
 Of pure elastick Steel be neatly form'd,  
 Then to the well-known Rivulet repair,  
 Whose Stream in purling Eddies murm'ring glides,  
 And foaming, labours on its winding Course.

There, where the bubbling Tide obliquely falls  
 O'er sounding Pebbles, or the playful Wave,  
 Curling in Circles, leads a mazy Dance,  
 Beneath the Surface guide the slender Line:  
 Nor let Impatience urge thee to withdraw  
 The latent Fraud, in Hopes of Victory,  
 Should the Trout shyly nibble at the Bait,  
 Lest Disappointment blight the op'ning Bud  
 Of thy fair Hopes, and swell thy rising Spleen.  
 Nor, if convulsive, vigorous Strugglings shew  
 Some Fish entangled of uncommon Size,  
 Should a quick Motion of the pliant Rod  
 Ever succeed, lest, haply, you lament,  
 Join'd to the Loss of such a noble Prize,  
 Your shatter'd, tople's Rod, or usele's Line.  
 But when the Trout extends the stretching Hair  
 With all the Force which Love of Liberty  
 Or Life inspires, then cautiously proceed;  
 Watch ev'ry Motion of the springing Game;  
 Now here, now there, your pliant Hazel bend,  
 'Till wearied out with Toil, the gasping Trout  
 Swims on the Surface of th' unruffled Stream,  
 An easy Conquest to the fatal Hook.

What need I mention those deceitful Banks,  
 Under whose Covert the slow-winding Stream,  
 Deep in the Bowels of the Earth below  
 Ingraves its silent Course? What need I say  
 How many, unexpectedly, have felt

The rotten Soil, loud-cracking under Foot,  
Sink suddenly, when the disparted Flood  
Closing on ev'ry Side, they plunge beneath  
The troubled Element, then on its Surface  
Prone, with their Arms outstretch'd, and measur'd Stroke,  
If such their Skill, they reach the wish'd for Shore?

\*Where silver Charwel rolls his limpid Stream,  
Close by the Side of Maudlin's sacred Grove,  
Eugenio, with his Brother, to relax  
His Mind, on Study too severely fix'd,  
Repair'd with Rod and barbed Hook to take  
The scaly Tenants of the neighb'ring Pool.  
Nor idle Chat, nor trifling Intercourse  
Employ'd their precious Moments, but Enquiries  
Into the Works of Nature; how the Rain,  
With Sulphur, Nitre, Air impregnated,  
Green in the Leaf, is in the Snow-drop white;  
Red in the Rose, and in the Vi'let blue.  
In Odours, as in Colours, 'tis the same.  
The same Variety in Tastes we find.  
By Water, differently modified,  
Straining thro' curious Vessels, we enjoy  
Wine in the Grape, and Sugar in the Cane.  
E'en Bread, the Staff of Life, to the same Cause  
We trace—how wonderful soe'er it seems!  
'Tis Water, only, in a diff'rent Form†.

How

\* The Remembrance of this Story is preserved in the great Quadrangle of Maudlin College, in Oxford, over the Cloysters, where is the Representation of two Persons in Stone, locked in each other's Arms, said to be that of two Brothers, who were drown'd together in the River Charwel, the one attempting to save the other.

† Agreeably to the Doctrine of Thales and other Philosophers, who assert that all Things originate from Water.

How small the Point of Vegetation is!  
So small! that like the Dust upon the Balance,  
Ten Thousand such, of the minuter Seeds,  
Will scarcely sink the Scale: And yet, behold!  
Expanded by the Laws of bounteous Nature,  
Some clothe the Valley, some the Mountain's Side;  
Some wafted by the Winds o'er Temples fly,  
Fix in the Cornice, or the Frieze deface.  
Others lay hold on Flints or pointed Rocks,  
And from the hidden Virtues of the Stone  
And the moist Atmosphere, with creeping Roots  
Imbibe convenient Nourishment: Some climb  
The waving Forest; some incrust the Bark.  
Tho' small the Seed, behold! what vig'rous Shoots  
Adorn that Mustard; so that it becomes  
Almost a Tree. See! how the new-sown Corn  
Swells and ferments—puts forth the tender Blade,  
Which, nourish'd by succeeding Rains, aspires  
Into a stately Stalk, and by Degrees  
With golden Harvest shines! The Brothers, then,  
Assume a diff'rent Subject—how the Vapours  
By the Sun's Beams attracted from the Surface  
Of Lakes and Rivers and wide-flowing Seas,  
Distil again in Drops, by Earth receiv'd  
Into her deepest Caverns, whence arise  
The various Springs that fertilize the Fields,  
Which, into larger Streams, united, flow  
In copious Rivers to the briny Main.

How mild the first-born Evening of the May!  
With Lark and Linnet, Thrush and Nightingale,  
Their various Notes sweet-chanting, usher'd in!  
Whilst Sol thro' gently-waving Branches play'd  
On the reflecting Surface of the Stream.  
Deceitful Stream! under whose lucid Waves  
Lurk the keen Arrows of destroying Death.

Ah!

Ah ! little thought the Brothers, when they view'd  
 The dimpled Water smoothly glide along,  
 Ah ! little thought they of high Heav'n's Decree.  
 Hark ! a loud Crack and harshly-hissing Waves  
 Proclaim the mournful Story : See ! Philander  
 Lock'd in th' Embraces of the closing Stream.  
 Fatal Embraces ! could Eugenio see  
 A Brother vainly lab'ring for his Life,  
 Regardless of his own, and not assist him ?  
 Ill-fated Youth ! thus rashly to attempt  
 With unexperienc'd Arms the gloomy Pool.  
 Ah ! little thought you, what a Parent's Heart  
 Must undergo for such a two-fold Loss ;—  
 Ah ! little thought you—but to live without him,  
 Your Brother—your Companion—were a Thought  
 So full of Torment, that e'en Death itself,  
 Call'd King of Terrors, is less terrible ;  
 To die, far better than survive the Stroke.

When solemn-sounding Bells the Hour bespoke  
 For Pray'rs and Praises to the God of Heav'n,  
 In ev'ry Face, Surprise was deeply mark'd  
 To find the Brothers wanting, always present  
 In Acts of Worship, as in mutual Love.  
 E'en Strangers could have seen the Difference,  
 Who with Attention's list'ning Ear had heard  
 (But who could hear and not attentive be ?)  
 Eugenio join in sweetly-thrilling Sounds  
 The full-tun'd Chorus, or with Skill divine,  
 Sole-singing, utter heav'nly Melody !

So when the Nightingale, thro' Length of Time,  
 Hath paid her Debt to Nature ; or the Hand  
 Of some rude Clown hath robb'd of Liberty  
 This Syren of the Groves, th' attentive Swains  
 Impatiently expect her Evening Song !



In vain Oxonia's Sons in Numbers seek  
Thy sacred Chapel, Maudlin—'tis in vain!—  
No more Eugenio sounds the solemn Hymn,  
And lifts their Souls in Raptures to the Sky.  
He's gone to join with the celestial Choir  
In more exalted Strains of Love and Worship:  
He's gone to join with the Seraphick Host—  
With Cherubims—who, on their golden Lyres,  
Resound the Praises of creative Goodness,  
And the vast Wonders of redeeming Love!

Meanwhile the Southern Quarter of the Sky  
Blackens around, and hollow-whistling Winds  
Proclaim th' approaching Show'r.

—————A Bard, by Chance,  
Whose Lips divine, with sacred Wisdom grac'd,  
Shed sweetest Musick on the ravish'd Ear,  
Who oft had fix'd Eugenio and Philander  
In deep Attention; with instructive Voice  
To glorious Emulation, and the Love  
Of useful Science, and of Virtue fair,  
Their throbbing Hearts directing; full of Thought,  
(But little thinking of the sad Event,)  
His Evening Walk, beneath the spreading Trees,  
Near which the murm'ring River mournful flow'd,  
Silently measuring, heard, or seem'd to hear  
Convulsive Struggles, and a Shriek of Woe.  
With quicken'd Pace the ruffled Stream he seeks,  
Urg'd with the Feelings of a tender Heart.  
If the Cap floating with the slender Rod  
His Fears increas'd; ah! what can paint the Grief  
Of his rack'd Bosom, when, in close Embrace  
Grasp'd the cold Bodies of the breathless Pair  
United e'en in Death, before his Eyes  
Swelling with Tears, from out the Pool they drew?

So a dark Cloud, with copious Show'rs furcharg'd,  
 Scowls threat'ning—Silence universal reigns—  
 When the bright Flash, with quick-succeeding Peal,  
 Rends and illumines Heav'n—the parted Sky  
 No longer holds its pond'rous Load, but pours  
 In sudden Streams the floating Deluge down.  
 In silent Anguish, thus, th' astonish'd Sage  
 Stood motionless—when from his brimful Eye  
 Flow'd the big Drops incessant—the big Drops,  
 Than Words more eloquent: th' Infection ran  
 From Eye to Eye, whilst ev'ry Bosom heav'd  
 The heart-felt Sigh, profound!————

————The bursting Clouds  
 The mournful Tribute of their wat'ry Stores  
 Sudden discharge, and raise the swelling Waves.  
 The swelling Waves in hollow Murmurs roll;  
 The list'ning Willows catch the tragick Tale,  
 And rustling, tell it to the neighb'ring Fields,  
 Where Echo reassumes the plaintive Theme.

Alas! my Sons, the weeping Sage began,  
 How wan! how pale those Looks! where Beauty sat  
 In fairest Symmetry enthron'd; alas!  
 How will your Parents bear the cutting Pang!  
 How will Oxonia mourn! whose aged Sires,  
 Skilfully vers'd in Learning's fairest Page,  
 Were dumb, without Encomiums grac'd their Speech,  
 When my Eugenio or Philander spoke.  
 How will Oxonia mourn! yet give not Way  
 To Grief immoderate—see! in after Times  
 For logical Precision, Sanderson,  
 And conscientious Cases deep, renown'd;  
 Hammond, Fell, Sheldon, Names to be rever'd,  
 Shall brighten, with their beams, thy Hemisphere.  
 Thee, Atterbury too shall grace! Thee, Norris,  
 Mystick Divine! who in the grand Idea  
 Of th' universal Father sees pourtray'd,

As with a Seal impress'd, the various Modes  
 Of Being, from unfetter'd Spirit, pure,  
 To grosser Matter; each progressive Link  
 Of Nature's golden Chain, he traces clearly,  
 Up to the Throne of GOD, who BEING is—  
 BEING unmix'd, in whom all Beings live,  
 Ever-existing in th' eternal Mind.  
 But who comes here, with deep-discerning Eye,  
 Grac'd with armorial Bearings? From the Rust  
 Of distant Ages and devouring Time  
 Rescued by him, in Roman Grandeur deck'd,  
 "Britannia\*" matchless shines!—I see from far  
 A goodly Personage†, like Æsculapius  
 For healing Virtues fam'd—I see his Dome  
 Propitious rise to Learning: by his Bounty,  
 Necessity, with sickly Visage, pale,  
 Tortur'd with Stone, or rack'd with Colic, Gout,  
 Or other Maladies, as yet unknown,  
 A friendly Refuge finds, and balmy Health.  
 Unnotic'd by the vulgar Herd, appears,  
 Like a rich Jewel in its Ore conceal'd,  
 Sandford the modest, learned, wise, and good.  
 Upon these Banks an Addison shall tune  
 His heav'nly Lyre, nor less expert to hold  
 Captive the Ear in moralizing Prose;  
 Whose Works to distant Ages shall remain  
 The Test of Time.—Then cease thy Tears, Oxonia!  
 Behold! thy learned Sons unnumber'd rise!  
 Statesmen and Patriots, Lawyers and Divines,  
 Historians, Poets, and Philosophers,  
 A goodly Train I see! But chiefly thee,  
 Great Locke! whose Mind capacious comprehends  
 The Depths of Reason: at thy piercing Ken,

C

Like

\* Camden.

† Dr. Radcliffe. His Library and Infirmary.

Like Phœbus' Beams, the Mists of Ign'rance fly.  
Bright Sun of Science! Thou, thro' Paths untrod,  
Shalt mark the Way—each Obstacle remove.  
Error and Prejudice no more shall chain  
Th' unshackled Mind, which, freed at thy Approach,  
The noblest Heights of Wisdom shall explore.  
Nurtur'd by thee, divine Philosophy  
Shall fix hēr Empire in these blest Abodes.  
Then cease thy Tears, for ev'ry Age shall see  
Great Men, like him, adorn thy sacred Clime.



P O E M S.  
S P R I N G.  
C A N T O II.

19

**A**S if in Confirmation of his Word,  
Sudden the Sun, in glorious Majesty,  
Bursts thro' the parting Cloud, and darts a Ray  
Of purer Light o'er all th' embroider'd Green:  
All's hush around; the Nightingale resumes  
Her sweetly-warbling Song; the Vi'let smells  
With more enchanting Odours. Now the Star,  
To Shepherds sacred, with his milder Beams  
Adorns the blue Horizon; ruddy Streaks  
(Undoubted Sign of Weather clear and bright)  
Tinge all the western Chambers of the Sky.

With willing Haste, the ardent Youth, behold!  
Repairs to meet the Mistress of his Heart.  
But, O! ye lovely Fair of Albion's Isle,  
When this delightful Season is at Hand,  
And the Blood rushes thro' each trembling Vein  
With quicker Circulation, then beware  
The flatt'ring Tongue of a designing Lover,  
The Start—the down-cast Look—the melting Sigh—  
Th' agreeable Confusion. Oh! proceed  
With greatest Caution; set a stronger Guard  
At ev'ry Passage of your yielding Hearts.  
Trust neither Promises, nor plighted Vows  
Of treach'rous Man; let Passion bow to Reason.  
Take that, and fair Religion for your Guides;  
Let them the Steerage hold, tho' Love inspires  
Your Sails, and bear you safely from the Shelves  
And hidden Rocks of Vice: Of Man beware;  
His Smiles, his Sighs, his Love are treach'rous all!  
These are his Wiles to catch th' unwary Maid.  
By Arts like these the beauteous Cælia fell;  
Cælia, the chastest Virgin, fell a Prey

To the designing Decency of Man.

For long had Damon vainly fought to move  
 This unrelenting Fair-one, 'till at length,  
 Burning with all the Rage of fi'ry Passion,  
 Presumptuous Boldness prompted him to use  
 Indecent Freedoms; but the virtuous Maid  
 With Indignation sparkling from her Eyes,  
 Spoke her Abhorrence of the trait'rous Deed.  
 At this Repulse, the Passions of his Soul,  
 Like Air confin'd, with inward Fury rag'd.  
 But, see! what Schemes a Lover can contrive  
 To gain the Object of his fond Desires!  
 Deep are his Trains—his Artifices deep!  
 The skilful Gen'ral when he views a Fort  
 With Numbers guarded, and by Nature strong,  
 Which he despairs to storm, yet bent to take,  
 Proceeds by Sap—or if by Chance a Spy  
 He seizes, lures him with false Promises,  
 His Country to betray, and raise his Fortune.

Damon, repuls'd, a diff'rent Mode pursues;  
 Frantick he roars with Execrations dire;  
 Calls upon Earth to open wide her Mouth;  
 Bids God's avenging Thunderbolts to fall,  
 Strike the Wretch dead, then rolling in the Dust  
 Tears his dishevell'd Hair, and beats his Breast.  
 His Eyes he fixes on the Ground, nor dares  
 Scarcely to lift them t'wards the injur'd Fair.  
 Sighs follow Sighs, and succeed Groans to Groans.  
 With various Passions rack'd, the tender Heart  
 Of Cælia scarcely can the Sigh suppress.  
 Die, basest! die, she cries, with Eyes averted,  
 To hide those Tears which Pity lends to Love.

This Damon marks, and omens in his Mind  
 Certain Success; with Caution he proceeds,  
 Sheds Tears of seeming Penitence, laments

Th' unruly Transport of his boist'rous Passion,  
Entreats her Pardon, and ascribes the Fault,  
The base Design, to Violence of Love:  
With artificial Grief, and feign'd Respect,  
He daily wins upon her yielding Heart.

Affected with his seeming Penitence,  
The beauteous Cælia thinks her Damon true;  
Too fondly thinks his outward Decency  
Exactly correspondent with his Thoughts.  
Love, imperceptibly, lights up his Torch  
Within her Bosom, and the pleasing Flame  
Subdues each Effort of obtruding Caution.  
Too easy Fair-one! how can you believe  
That Man sincere who once attempts your Virtue?  
And, now, behold him with th' enticing Tongue  
Of specious Love attack the melting Maid!  
The melting Maid exchanges Vows of Love  
And Constancy with her deceitful Swain.

Ye lovely Virgins of Britannia's Isle,  
Bear in your Minds the hapless Cælia's Fate.  
The Man, that basely can your Honour stain,  
Must be a Stranger to ingenuous Love.  
Ingenuous Love is delicate in Thought,  
Pure as the Lily or the driven Snow.  
'Tis not the outward Feature or Complexion,  
The Bloom of Youth, the rosy Cheek, the Eye  
Sparkling with eloquent Lustre, or the Form  
Moulded by Nature's perfect Touch, alone  
Inspires the Bosom with a lasting Flame;  
But fair Discretion, and the winning Arts  
Of Converse sweet, which brighten all your Charms,  
Arm ev'ry Feature with resistless Grace,  
And captivate the self-applauding Mind.  
But chiefly you, O Chastity! the Light  
Which sheds a Glory round each beauteous Face,  
Your

Your Honour's Bulwark, and the keenest Shaft  
That drives the Libertine from his Attack,  
And fixes ev'ry Heart that's good and wise.

In Hopes of thee, the Lover still renews  
His ardent Wishes, and admires the whole,  
When Virtue is the Object of his Love.  
But if this Jewel is no more your own,  
The Beauties of your Face may catch the Eye,  
Which fondly gazes on you, but the Mind  
Remains superior to external Charms,  
Whilst like a beauteous Picture you appear,  
Robb'd of your Innocence, that Life of Love.  
Thus when a Merchant sees a precious Stone  
Of Water exquisite and brightest Lustre,  
Amongst a Number of inferior Value;  
If he can purchase this, he passes by  
Regardless of the Beauties of the rest.

So Cælia, luckless Cælia! when she gave  
This Jewel to the Care of treach'rous Damon,  
Lost ev'ry Charm; no more her beauteous Form  
Inspires his Soul with Sentiments of Love.  
Inconstant as the Wind he proves, of all  
His plighted Vows unmindful; the griev'd Fair  
Vainly relates her melancholy Tale  
To Woods and Wilds—the Woods and Wilds resound,  
In piteous Accents, her unhappy Love.  
Sudden the Tear starts forth—the trickling Tear  
Steals down her lily Cheek, that lately glow'd  
Like Infant-Morn, or the sweet-blushing Rose.  
Grief, Shame, Confusion, as a Worm conceal'd  
Within the Bud, prey silent on her Heart,  
And at length nip the slender Thread of Life.

In Mem'ry of the luckless Cælia,  
The Youths and Maidens instituted Sports

Observ'd



Observ'd on each returning First of May,  
 With Chaplets gay, of various Flow'rs compos'd,  
 They deck a stately Pole; the fragrant Rose,  
 Cowslips and Vi'lets, Tulips and Jonquils,  
 Painted Carnations, Pinks and Hyacinths,  
 With all the Progeny of blooming Spring  
 Their Sweets unite; meanwhile the joyous Youth,  
 Join'd with their sprightly Partners Hand in Hand,  
 In tuneful Notes the moral Lesson sing,  
 And to these numbers foot the measur'd Ring;

Now, around the Pole we dance,  
 With the flow'ry Chaplet charm'd;  
 As the Evening Hours advance,  
 All their Pow'rs will be disarm'd.

See! the Lily hangs his Head,  
 See! the Vi'let smiles no more;  
 All the Rose's Odours fled,  
 We no longer can adore!

Thus when Cælia, lovely Creature!  
 With her Damon's Wish complied,  
 Quickly vanish'd ev'ry Feature,  
 Ev'ry Charm with Virtue died.

Damon, then, no more admir'd  
 That Form Angels might approve!  
 He'd obtain'd what he desired;  
 Virtue is the Soul of Love.

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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

*Grata, Varietas,*

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### A F A B L E.

#### *The* F A R M E R *and the* D O G.

*Fructu, non Foliis, Arborem aestima.  
Fidelem ubi invenias Virum?*

**I**N Days of yore, as Authors write,  
When Dogs could speak, as well as bite,  
A Farmer plac'd his Fav'rite, Tray,  
To guard his Orchards, Night and Day:  
Orchards! whence heav'nly Nectar flows;  
Refreshing Draughts! when Phœbus glows.  
As soon as Tray had ta'en his Station,  
To guard the Trees from all Invasion,  
The Thieves assault, and bear away  
The choicest Fruit, in open Day,  
Soon after this the Farmer came,  
And, thus, began poor Tray to blame:

“ Did I not leave thee, Sirrah, here,  
“ To keep from Rogues my Orchards clear? }  
“ Where are my finest Pippins, where?  
“ Who filch'd these Pears, despoil'd those Trees  
“ Of all their Apples, Limbs, and Leaves,  
“ So that their naked Trunks appear?  
“ Sirrah! what Villains have been here?”

Poor

Poor Tray, abash'd, with piteous Tone  
Began to make defensive Moan;

"The Damage, Sir, is great, I own;

"But if you'll credit what I say

"'Tis owing to no Fault of Tray.

"A dreadful Illness seiz'd me, Sir,

"So that from hence I could not stir.

"Had it been otherwise, I vow,

"Your Apples all had been here now.

"For can you think that honest Tray

"Could, or be brib'd, or run away?"

His Master then the Dog forgave,  
For Tray was thought no lying Knave.

But not long after, in the Night,

Robbers invade the Farmer's Right,

Affault the House with Desperation,

And threaten Death and Desolation,

Nor fear'd Discov'ry in the Dark,

Since Tray'd forgot the Way to bark.

The Farmer, by good Fortune, wakes,

And hears the Door's repeated Shakes,

Rouzes the Servants, fires a gun,

With which the Thieves, affrighted, run.

His House secur'd, the Farmer fir'd

With Anger, faithless Tray requir'd.

The Dog appears with conscious Look;

And as he spoke, with Guilt he shook.

"Believe me, Sir, in what I say,

"And pity your poor harmless Tray.

"Who can express your Servant's Grief,

"When list'ning to the nightly Thief

"I could not bark? That same Disease

"(Call it the Gout, or what you please)

"Had seiz'd both Tongue and Members so

"That I could neither speak nor go."

D

His

His Mistress begs, the Servants pray  
Their Master to forgive poor Tray.  
The Dog still hop'd to gain his Ends,  
For Tray had many pow'rful Friends.  
But, thus, the Farmer, stern, replies,  
" In vain your Pray'rs; the Traytor dies.  
" What! leave my Substance to his Care?  
" Of Bosom-thieves more need beware.  
" Robbers may come, my Poultry kill,  
" My Hen's Nests rob, do what they will,  
" Pilfer my Orchards, steal my Grain,  
" For Tray has got the Gout again."



## THE DEBAUCH.

*Nocet empty dolore, voluptas.*

A Midnight Revel, Muse, rehearse;  
 Or rather, Bacchus, guide my Verse,  
 For who such Riots better knows  
 Than one, from whom th' Invention flows?

First, then, describe the jolly Train  
 O'ercome with Floods of brisk Champaign;  
 When Reason, drown'd with constant Drinking,  
 Flies with the Faculty of Thinking.  
 Thus in a Pop-gun 'tis no other,  
 One Bullet forces out another:  
 Or when two Adversaries meet,  
 The strongest, ten to one, will beat.

Amid the Whiffs of cloudy Smoke,  
 What Mirth proclaims the smutty Joke!  
 What Laughter—Noise—Confusion—Treason,  
 Ring out the Knell of dying Reason!  
 Whilst all declare, O foul Disgrace!  
 That Folly governs in its Place.  
 The bold grow bolder than before;  
 The modest, modest are no more.  
 Each Person toasts his fav'rite Laps;  
 Nought stops the circulating Glafs.  
 Or, if they chance to have their Fill,  
 To conquer, they will swallow still.  
 'Tis Emulation fires the Brain,  
 Which makes them drink against the Grain;  
 'Till grown top-heavy, they begin  
 To feel the nauseous Load within.  
 What mighty Wonder is it, here,  
 That each should tumble from his Chair?

For, thus, Philosophers have penn'd it,  
*" Grave deorsum omne tendit."*

Here, then, behold th' Effects of drinking,  
 The Burial-place of human Thinking!  
 The Burial-place of that, when gone,  
 Which renders Men and Cattle one.  
 Tho', hereby, we must own at least,  
 That Man becomes the greater Beast.  
 Some dance, some curse, some spring a Leak;  
 Vessels too full o'erflow or break.  
 The Room to their Imagination  
 Remains not in one settled Station,  
 Whilst they themselves reel to and fro,  
 Unknowing what they say or do.  
 Their loud Halloos in louder Notes arise,  
 Each Man's an Echo to each other's Cries.  
 Such Consternation, Rambling, Rattle,  
 Proclaim th' Approach of *glassen* Battle;  
 The brittle Ware from Table rolls,  
 Pipes, Glasses, Cups, Decanters, Bowls.  
 Meanwhile, desirous to retreat,  
 They trip about with salt'ring Feet;  
 Stagg'ring they tread from Chair to Chair,  
 And sing, and howl, and stamp, and swear:  
 Searching the Room all o'er and o'er,  
 Yet can't discover where's the Door.  
 Or if, by Chance, there's one remains,  
 Who still some little Sense retains,  
 With stamm'ring Tongue he calls Assistance,  
 Who lays them down without Resistance.

When Phœbus, then, from roseate Bed,  
 Has ting'd the dawning East with Red,  
 And gently-lowing Herds invite  
 To end the Slumbers of the Night,

Still

Still on the Bed the Drunkard lies  
 With aching Head, and swimming Eyes.  
 How pale his Countenance ! what Stink  
 Arises from th' ejected Drink !  
 The Liquor preys on all his Veins ;  
 A nauseous Taste his Mouth retains.  
 Meat, that delighted him before,  
 Is palatable, now, no more ;  
 His Stomach sickens at the Sight,  
 Nothing can please his Appetite.  
 Whilst in Spew-scented Bed he lies,  
 " Oh ! oh ! how sick I am," he cries !

Philemon is not so accurst,  
 Who drinks, alone, when he's athirst,  
 Nor proves a Glutton in his Meat ;  
 But eats to live, not lives to eat.  
 What ? tho' no fashionable Dish  
 Of Ven'son fat, or costly Fish,  
 Or Calapash or Calapee,  
 With such outlandish Cookery,  
 Or Ort'lans scarce, or Jellies bright  
 Provoke him to an Appetite—  
 Tho' no Champaign, no curious Wines  
 Flow plentifully when he dines,  
 Contentment in his Face appears,  
 Unruffled with corroding Fears.

How happy then Philemon's Station !  
 Who crops the Sweets of Moderation.  
 No Care his tranquil Mind incumbers,  
 No Dreams disturb his softest Slumbers,  
 For when with Chains of Sleep he's bound  
 Peace spreads her balmy Influence round.  
 Thrice happy such a Man must be,  
 Who lives, in all Respects, like thee !

## THE SCHOOLMASTER.

## TO MY OLD MASTER.

**T**O you, dread Sir, I trembling write;  
 Oh! place me in a fav'ring Light,  
 Nor scoffing, these few Lines deride  
 With Look severe, and pedant Pride.  
 Your Censure for a While suspend,  
 And in your Scholar know your Friend.  
 This tedious Task I undertake,  
 Believe me, only for your Sake,  
 To rescue from black Slander's Tooth,  
 The Man, who guided by fair Truth,  
 From Honour's Paths will never stray,  
 Tho' Rocks and Thorns obstruct the Way:  
 Who ne'er will flatter, fib, or fawn,  
 For Pars'nage fat or envied Lawn,  
 But Justice will alike dispense  
 To Blockheads and to Boys of Sense.

Unpractis'd in the selfish Rules  
 Too often us'd in Grammar-Schools,  
 You never could submit to raise  
 A Parent's Hopes, with fulsome Praise,  
 Nor say the Lad had Parts and Sense,  
 To which, in Fact, he'd no Pretence.  
 Nor have you fail'd to recommend  
 The Boy without one single Friend,  
 To whom kind Nature, in the Place  
 Of Riches, gave a manly Face,  
 A Mem'ry bright and Judgment clear,  
 With all the Graces in his Rear.  
 Impartial Justice sway'd that Heart,  
 Ne'er warp'd with Interest and Art.  
 Consider, Sir, the good—the wise,  
 All paltry Sycophants despise,

Whilst



Whilst they to Men of Honour raise  
A Monument of lasting Praise.

O! never, then, from Truth depart;  
Scorn to take up the Flatt'rer's Art,  
Nor ever greet with Commendation  
The two-legg'd Asses of Creation,  
Altho' they carry on their Back  
That envied Load—a golden Pack.

Your Office tries the Patience—granted;  
But Schoolmasters are always wanted.  
Tho' hard the Task—with Pleasure see  
The Fruits of learned Industry!  
Taught by thy Art the grave Divine  
In moving Eloquence shall shine,  
With sacred Truths the Bosom warm,  
And the whole Man with Virtue charm.  
Lawyers and Statesmen shall agree  
That their first Praise is due to thee.  
See! where the Land neglected lies,  
There, Thorns and Briars only rise,  
And noxious Weeds—But when the Soil  
Is cultivated by Man's Toil,  
Mild Zephyrs fan the waving Corn,  
And golden Plenty fills her Horn;  
The blushing Apple, and the Pear,  
Richly reward the Planter's Care,

If Learning polishes Mankind,  
Draws forth the Beauties of the Mind,  
Brightens the Reason, points the Wit,  
And Men for social Converse fit,  
Great Obligations we must owe  
To all, from whom these Blessings flow.  
But hard his Fate, who sits all Day  
In Science fair to smoothe our Way,

Who

Who labours in this thankless Art  
 To cultivate the Head and Heart,  
 And yet, with grudging, chiefly gains  
 Small Profits to reward his Pains.  
 Who, harder still ! can seldom raise  
 For all his Toil the Debt of Praise.

This Boy improves,—the Reason's plain,  
 His Parts are strong—but here, again,  
 If a Lad's Dulness brings him Shame,  
 The Master, only, is to blame.  
 'Tis always Want of Care—or Skill—  
 The Boy can learn, say what you will.  
 Remov'd from School, behold him, then,  
 Engag'd in Life, like other Men ;  
 Freed from Restraint, the World, no Doubt,  
 Will trace his Excellencies out.  
 Agreed—the same bright Parts you find—  
 His Face the Mirror of his Mind.  
 Such piercing Eyes, such meaning Looks,  
 Speak him well vers'd in Men and Books.  
 If he shares deep in Fortune's Bounty,  
 Perhaps he's chosen for a County.  
 He takes his Seat—well, what then, pray ?  
 Asses are known where'er they bray.

Thus Justice must acquit the School,  
 When Manhood, only, stamps the Fool.

E P I G R A M S,  
AND SHORTER POEMS.

---

*Re, fias, quod simulas.*

**F**RITILLA's Talent lies in Ridicule,  
Who strives to make Corinna thought a Fool.  
She apes her Look with a malicious Leer,  
Her idle Gesture and insipient Sneer.  
Forbear—nor think you laugh at her alone,  
Since Use has made her Foibles all your own.

---

*Probitas laudatur, et alget.*

**P**HILEMON often begs from Door to Door,  
Extremely honest, and extremely poor.  
How many seem to feel for his Distress!  
No one is pitied more, or aided less.  
This is the common Comfort which he knows,  
“ Poor good old Soul! to Heav'n he surely goes.”  
Likely enough, and quickly too, 'tis clear;  
For no one hinders him from going there.

---

—————*Medio de fonte leporum*  
*Surgit amari aliquid.*—————

**G**RIPLE, as penurious as old,  
Had heap'd an handsome Sum of Gold;  
Whose Son would very often cry  
“ Why don't the old Curmudgeon die?”  
At last, the wish'd-for Time was come  
When he submitted to his Doom;  
And Tom invited many a Friend,  
Not to lament his Father's End.

E

But

But how must honest Thomas stare]  
To see he'd made *another* Heir!

---

*Quod tegitur, majus creditur esse malum.*

**D**IVINE Celicia, blest with ev'ry Grace,  
With Paint and Patches tries to deck her Face,  
Cease, cease, fair Maid, disdain so poor an Art;  
Let others strive to captivate the Heart  
With borrow'd Charms, whilst you superior shine  
With native Beauties, which are truly thine.  
Such Counterfeits reject, since all agree  
Tho' they aid others, they detract from thee.  
Unpatch your Face, then, be no longer simple,  
The Men may think each Patch conceals a Pimple.

---

*Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.*

" **H**ERE, then, at length, ends Cato's Cause,"  
The sprightly Silvia says;  
" I wish it were against the Laws  
" To act such serious Plays.

" See! see! the Harlequin's in Sight,  
" Do look about Miss Betty;  
" Could not you stay here all the Night,  
" 'Tis so extremely pretty?"

Just so in Living, as in Plays,  
Each Person acts a Part;  
But wise Men seldom gain the Praise  
Of the gay Female's Heart.

The Ladies hate such musty Chaps  
For their prudential Rules;  
Whilst they bestow incessant Claps  
Upon the worst of Fools.

*Mentem*



*Mentem Hominis spectato, non Frontem.*

WITH Look demure, and hypocritic Face,  
Chloris repairs to GOD's most sacred Place,  
But all her Actions, privately, declare  
She thinks He sees her no where else but there.

*Nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi.*

THE fam'd Historians, Nero, in thy Age,  
With fulsome Flatt'ry loaded ev'ry Page.  
Vainly! since most by sad Experience knew  
Thou wert th' exact Reverse of what they drew.  
Aw'd by thy boundless Cruelty and Pride,  
Their Pens asserted what their Hearts denied.

*In idem.*

GREAT Garrick, when he treads the tragic Stage,  
Ne'er fails superior Praises to engage;  
For whensoever he acts the moving Part,  
Compassion rises in each gen'rous Heart:  
But when he deigns to shine in Comedy,  
Mirth sparkling sits in ev'ry Hearer's Eye.

Strange! that such jarring Passions should unite;  
And Mirth and Sorrow equally delight!

*In idem.*

TH' accomplish'd Coxcomb, led by Fashion's Rule,  
Merits Contempt as well as Ridicule.  
His jemmy Habit no one can express;  
The Months change not so often as his Dress.  
His Garments, now, of shortest Cut we see;  
And, now, his Coat hangs down below his Knee.

His Hat, Wig, Shoes, and Gesture alter too,  
 And each returning Sun sees something new.  
 Scarce can we call him for a Day the same,  
 For ev'ry Thing is alter'd but his Name.

---

*In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas  
 Corpora.*——

A<sup>T</sup> ———, as antient Stories say,  
 A Plague the People swept away ;  
 One scarcely here, or there, was found  
 To 'tend the Flock, or till the Ground.  
 The wand'ring Herds, and fleecy Care,  
 Invited many a hungry Bear.  
 Such Foes unable to resist,  
 The Cattle ev'ry Day were miss'd.  
 The few remaining Clowns implore  
 Jove, their lost Country to restore.  
 The God, in pity to their Case,  
 Bid the Bears take another Face,  
 Which being changed into Men,  
 The Place was populous agen.  
 Hence, tho' they're Men in outward Shew,  
 And on two Legs erected go,  
 Their *Shag* and *Manners* still declare  
 Their near Relation to a Bear.

*In idem.*

JOHN a NOOKS, if old Master Pythag'ras says true,  
 Was a *Deer* heretofore, then transmigrated, flew ;  
 'Till at length, after many a strange Metamorphos',  
 From a Whale to a Reptile—a Pig to a Porpoise,  
 To the Case of a Man he gave Vigour and Life,  
 Who, like other fond Boobies, must marry a Wife ;

He

He took her, poor Creature ! for better for worse,  
 But instead of a Blessing she turn'd out a Curse.  
 Disappointment chagrin'd him, at which he began  
 To wish himself any Thing else but a Man.  
 And she, over-compassionate, seeing his Pain,  
 In Pity restor'd him his Antlers again.

*In idem.*

ONCE on a Time, no Matter when or where,  
 Or at a Whitsun-Ale, or Country Fair,  
 A Troop of Monkeys, who were come to see  
 Punch and his hum'rous Wife's Activity,  
 Pleas'd with the World, when they return'd agen,  
 Petition'd Jove to change them into Men.  
 The God complied, indulgent to their Kind,  
 But left a strong Resemblance still behind;  
 And that Mankind their Origin might know,  
 Preserv'd the Tail, and call'd the Creature Beau.

---

*Omnia, Romæ, venalia.*

DOCTOR John, Tom, and Harry, look wonderful big  
 In their Physical—Law—and Divinity Wig—  
 If Old Nick begs the Favour, that should not displease;  
 Let him down with his Dust, and then take his Degrees.

---

*On the modern Fashion of taking Doctors' Degrees.*

Addressed to Dr. C—.

YOU boast, my Friend, in Arts and Law  
 You've taken your Degrees;  
 So may John—Tom—and Harry too,  
 On Payment of their Fees.

Behold

Behold an Emblem of your Skill,  
 In Andrew's magick Flight!  
 When thro' the Hoops he nimbly bounds,  
 Nor touches left, nor right.

---

*In the Character of a Miser, on the Burial Tax.*

SAYS Tom to Scrapeall, "have you heard  
 "The Tax?"—"What Tax?" he cries;  
 "That after this Month, every one,  
 "Must Three-pence pay, that dies."

"'Tis hard," quoth he; "'tis very hard!  
 "But hush! I've found a Way  
 "To nick the Government; egad!  
 "I'll die before the Day."

---

*Occasioned by a Lady's Lamentation in one of the publick  
 Papers for the Loss of the Militia.*

HOW hard your Case! what, not one left  
 To ease a Lady's secret Passion!  
 Strange! are your Red-coat Gentlemen  
 The only Fops and Rakes in Fashion?

Courage, fond Maid, do not despair,  
 Love's Volunteers are plenty;  
 In any Place, you need not fear,  
 You may beat up with twenty.

---

*On a Man who wore his Coat Buttons on the Left Side.*

WALKING in Westminster one Day, to see  
 The famous Records of Antiquity,

Great



Great Jonson's Monument I there espied,  
 With all his Buttons on th' unusual Side.  
 O wonderful! returning thro' the Street,  
 What but Ben Jonson's Statue should I meet?  
 Aghast I stood! surpriz'd at what I saw;  
 But when I look'd again I found 'twas Daw.

*Had you been <sup>one</sup> of learned Camus' chaps  
 A second look had shown you it was Phelps.*

*The four following Copies of Verses were  
written when a Lad :*

---

*Christus Ventos et Mare objurgat.*

## I.

**W**HEN the blue Ocean smoothly flow'd,  
And fanning Zephyrs gently blow'd,  
CHRIST plough'd the liquid Deep;  
The dancing Waves in Wonder throng,  
And murm'ring as they pass along,  
Compose the Lord to Sleep.

## II.


But, see ! the boist'rous Billows rise,  
A sudden Darkness clouds the Skies,  
The Winds ungovern'd boast;  
Loud Peals of Thunder roar on high,  
Whilst forked Lightnings nimbly fly,  
And shew the craggy Coast.

## III.

Grim Death appears in hideous Form,  
And Show'rs encrease the dreadful Storm,  
Unmindful of their Charge;  
The Ship is tofs'd on sinking Sand,  
The Men despair of touching Land  
With their distressed Barge.

## IV.

They 'wake the Lord from pleasant Sleep,  
And shew the Dangers of the Deep,  
Expecting all to die;  
Soon as the Lord beholds the Sea,  
The Winds obey his dread Decree,  
And worship as they fly.

 Quickly

# P O E M S.

## V.

Quickly the frighted Waves subside,  
Beneath the Vessel smoothly glide,  
Submissive to his Nod;  
Obedient Nature hears his Call,  
And loudly, thus, proclaims to all,  
“ Behold ! a God ! a God ! ”

---

*An Address to the Master for a Play-Day, in the Month  
of May.*

*Ne quid nimis.*

**M**AY ! I invoke thee, kindly guide my Verse;  
But how can I thy beauteous Scenes rehearse ?  
How can I sing, within these Walls confin'd,  
On Homer poring, to enlarge the Mind,  
Which neither Profit brings, nor Pleasure gives  
To one, who in a Prison alway lives.  
Nay, tell me, Sir, could you with Pleasure dine  
Each Day on Ven'son, or sweet Mutton Chine ?  
Then if with you the very best Things cloy,  
What Wonder is it Study tires a Boy ?

---

*To my Sisters, very young, playing at Cards.*

## I.

**'T**IS simple, indeed, my dear Bessy,  
'Tis childish, permit me to say,  
That the Loss of a Trick should distress you,  
And turn into Darkness your Day.

## II.

How woefully chang'd are your Features !  
What Sorrow abides in your Face !

F

The

The Brightness of Pleasure is vanish'd,  
And Gloominess hangs in its Place.

## III.

No Person is free from Misfortunes,  
Among all the Race of Mankind;  
Then who can be ever call'd happy,  
That enjoys not a Calmness of Mind?

## IV.

Pluck up a good Heart, my dear Sister,  
Banish Sorrow, be cheerful and gay:  
For who can bear ill Luck in earnest,  
That troubles for ill Luck at Play?

## V.

Yet to be overjoy'd, my dear Molly,  
Is simple and childish no less;  
They, whose Spirits are high in good Fortune,  
Are equally low in Distress.

## VI.

Thus a Flow'r in the Midst of the Sun-Beams,  
Whose Blossom is all abroad spread,  
When Night, or a Shower approaches,  
Either closes or hangs down its Head.

## VII.

To be wanting in Temper's a Folly,  
Thro' ev'ry Condition of Life;  
Tho' you're lucky at Cards, my dear Molly,  
Your Luck may be chang'd when a Wife.

## VIII.

Then, if the old Proverb is certain,  
To acknowledge you cannot refuse,

She'll



She'll get Money enough, when she's married,  
 Whilst you have but little to lose.

### ANGLING *for* TROUT.

*Hic Pisces fallit Calamo, Linoque sequaci.*

WHEN Clouds, distended with refreshing Rains,  
 Had quench'd the Sun-burnt Hills, and gaping Plains;  
 And Streams, descending with impetuous Force,  
 Stain'd and encreas'd each River's winding Course,  
 Pleas'd at the Prospect, at the wish'd-for Sight,  
 Piscator's Bosom throb'd with vast Delight.  
 Not more the School-Boy hails the grateful Day,  
 Allotted all to Mind-relaxing Play.  
 Lightly he treads t'wards the discolour'd Brook,  
 With taper Rod, and Fish-deluding Hook.  
 Who can the Features of his Face express!  
 All lively! with the Thoughts of sure Success.  
 Imagination hurries him away  
 Where Shoals of Fish in tinkling Currents play.  
 E'er to the River's Bank he can repair,  
 He's truly, in his Fancy, present there.  
 What Fishes, long before, he seems to find!  
 Fishes! existing, only, in his Mind.  
 Afar he spies the Brook's meand'ring Stream;  
 Brook! not unworthy of a Poet's Theme;  
 Whose wanton Waves in purling Eddies play,  
 And gently work along a winding Way.  
 Impatient, then, behold him on its Side,  
 Looking attentive at the babbling Tide,  
 There, where the dimpled Stream, with downward Force,  
 Under the Bank had eat its mazy Course,  
 All Things conspire to gratify his Wish  
 Of taking, quickly, some unwary Fish;

Repeated Twitchings at the Bait demand  
 A keen, attentive Eye, and steady Hand.  
 Forward he bends, and, with a Skill divine,  
 Obeys the Motion of his nodding Line.  
 The flutt'ring Fish upon the Surface lies,  
 And, like the World, to please his Palate dies.

The gasping Trout he views with joyous Pride,  
 His scaly Coat, and rosy-spotted Side.  
 Fir'd with Success, he baits his deathful Hook,  
 Mov'd with the Stream adown the rising Brook.  
 Whole Shoals of Fish the floating Bait survey,  
 With finny Force divide the watry Way,  
 And throng impatient to the fatal Prey. }  
 Here, then, behold a Trout, whose piercing Eye  
 The Bait remarks, but can't the Cheat descry,  
 Cautiously nibbles, 'till impatient grown,  
 With greedy Swallow sucks his Ruin down.  
 So huge a Fish demands his utmost Care,  
 Whose vig'rous Struggles strain the stretching Hair,  
 See! how the fetter'd Trout the Line extends!  
 See! how in Curves the pliant Hazel bends.  
 Adown the Stream the dying Captive flies,  
 Now tries to break the Line, but vainly tries;  
 His Vigour almost spent, his Strength decay'd,  
 Upon the Summit of the Water laid,  
 With struggling he no more deforms the Brook,  
 But falls a Victim to the fatal Hook.

Meanwhile, around, the forked Lightnings fly,  
 And Peals of Thunder rend the black'ning Sky.  
 Shelter he seeks, and thro' the gloomy Glade  
 Flies to some Poplar's hospitable Shade.  
 What mighty Change his Aspect undergoes!  
 As Clouds succeed, and whistling Auster blows,  
 The Beams of Pleasure from his Features fly,  
 Grown now as joyless as the low'ring Sky.

*Cantamus;*

*Cantamus, vacui; sive quid Urimur.*

*Sent with a perfumed Wax-Taper to Laura.*

## I.

**G**O! Taper, wrought with curious Art;  
Admitted to my blooming Fair,  
Think not, tho' loveliest of thy Race,  
That thou wilt be unrival'd there.  
At her Approach thy Lustre less'ning dies;  
'Tis Darkness, if compar'd with Laura's Eyes,

## II.

What! if thy Form is fairer far,  
Than the Lamb's Fleece tho' newly shorn;  
Do'st thou suppose that lovelier White  
Does not my Laura's Skin adorn?  
Presumptuous Thought, her Skin, compar'd with thee,  
Will shew thy Spots, which now we cannot see.

## III.

What! tho' when burning, from thy Flame  
Odours continually arise;  
Odours! that with Arabia  
May vie, or those of warmer Skies;  
From Laura's Breath Perfumes more fragrant flow,  
Not half so sweet in Eastern Climates grow.

## IV.

Yet bid that haughty Fair observe  
How quickly all thy Charms decay!  
Tell her that she is mortal too,  
That Youth and Beauty fly away.  
Bid her observe that neither Warmth nor Light  
Flow from the Sun, when hid in gloomy Night.

The

## V.

The Sun, indeed, returns again  
 To run his customary Race;  
 But never more can be renew'd  
 Those heav'nly Beauties of the Face,  
 When Time shall throw his Arrows at the Fair,  
 Furrow her Face, and whiten ev'ry Hair.

## VI.

Oh! would my Laura think on this,  
 And blefs her ever-faithful Swain;  
 At Time's Approach she then would have  
 No real Reason to complain.  
 My grateful Heart would own in Life's Decline,  
 That Laura's Charms once border'd on divine.

---

*On the same.*

**W**HEN first th' Almighty fram'd this wond'rous Ball,  
 All Things existed at his mighty Call.  
 He saw the various Produce of the Earth,  
 The Trees, the Flow'rs, and all their num'rous Birth;  
 The Birds, the Beasts, the Product of the Flood  
 He saw, and ev'ry Thing he saw was good.  
 But how could lonely Man his Time employ?  
 How all those Gifts in Solitude enjoy!  
 A Woman, still, was wanting to compleat,  
 And make of Paradise an heav'nly Seat.  
 The Charms of all created Beings join'd  
 To form the beauteous Mother of Mankind,  
 Who can express th' extravagant Delight  
 Of Adam, when he'd first the pleasing Sight  
 Of Charms, exceeding ev'ry Thing he'd known!  
 A Form, in Softness, that surpass'd his own!  
 So perfect all—so lovely—so divine!  
 Never excell'd, dear Laura, but by thine,

What



What Wonder then that all desire to see  
 Those matchless Beauties which unite in thee!  
 Charms, such as thine! forever must engage,  
 And fill with Transport each succeeding Age.  
 No more the rapt'rous Lover shall declare  
 His Nymph as Phoebe young, or Venus fair;  
 'The greatest Compliment that can be paid,  
 Is, to compare to thee the beauteous Maid.

---

*To the same.*

**H**EARZEN, O brightest Maid! to what I say;  
 You ought to hear, since Love inspires my Lay;  
 Or can you, Laura, scornfully refuse  
 The humble Tribute of my captive Muse?  
 You, who my Soul with rapt'rous Thoughts delight,  
 By Day my Subject, and my Dreams by Night,  
 Than whom no fairer kindled soft Desire,  
 Rais'd gen'rous Love, or strung sweet Ovid's Lyre;  
 Take Pity, if Compassion fires thy Mind,  
 Nor say you will, but actually be kind.  
 O! could a mutual Passion warm thy Breast,  
 Bless me, sweet Girl, and equally be blest!  
 Hear, then, my Laura, e'er destructive Age  
 On that fair Forehead shall imprint its Rage,  
 E'er furrow'd Wrinkles shall deform that Face  
 Adorn'd with Beauty's most enlivening Grace.  
 No wither'd Leaves the Train of Youth delight,  
 But sad Aversion issues from the Sight.  
 Nay, tell me, Charmer, can the feeble Ray  
 Of Winter's Sun illuminate the Day,  
 More than the radiant Orb, when blazing bright  
 The scorching Dog-Star sheds its parching Light?  
 How many Mortals have resign'd their Breath!  
 E'en Beauty can't escape the Dart of Death:

The

The fleeting Years impartially subdue,  
 Stay not for Time, for Time won't stay for you.

---

*Written under Laura's Picture.*

I.

**W**HAT, tho' a Limner may express  
 Each Feature of your Face,  
 And with his lively Colours paint  
 Each soft—attractive Grace;

II.

Believe me, Laura, all your Charms  
 When a few Years are past,  
 That dear Original must fail,  
 Altho' the Copies last.

III.

Except you prove the Sweets of Love,  
 The Sweets of Love's Embrace;  
 Then may those Charms again revive  
 In your own beauteous Race.

---

*On Miss Kitty S—de.*

**L**ET Merchants sail to foreign Lands,  
 And hazard all for Trade:  
 All Hazards would I gladly run  
 For charming Kitty S—de.

II.

The Miser's Breast, whose God is Gold,  
 What anxious Cares invade!  
 No Treasure is to me so great  
 As lovely Kitty S—de.

From

## III.

From various Flow'rs by busy Bees  
 Delicious Honey's made :  
 More Sweetness dwells upon the Lips  
 Of charming Kitty S—de.

## IV.

Was I possess'd of India's Wealth,  
 No Reason should persuade  
 But that I'd lay it at the Feet  
 Of charming Kitty S—de.

## V.

Serenely bright let ev'ry Day  
 Flow, free from Envy's Shade ;  
 Nor let one anxious Thought disturb  
 The Breast of Kitty S—de.

## VI.

May Heav'n preserve that beauteous Form,  
 For Love and Rapture made !  
 And may my future Life be spent  
 With charming Kitty S—de.

---

*To Miss D—, on her being maliciously spoken  
 against.*

**D**EAR, lovely Girl, no more dejected be ;  
 Is Youth with Beauty e'er from Envy free ?  
 No faded Flow'r the busy Bee delights ;  
 So Scandal lives where Merit most invites.  
 But like the Bee, it robs and robs in vain ;  
 New Sweets, new Streams of Nectar still remain.  
 As thinnest Gauze or Lace on that fair Breast,  
 With thousand, thousand panting Beauties blest,

G

So

So Slander, envious Fiend ! to Hell allied,  
 Points out those Charms which it design'd to hide.  
 Or as a Cloud, amid some Summer's Day,  
 O'er the Sun's Beams directs its shadowy Way,  
 Sudden the whistling, wintry Winds arise,  
 We mourn the Influence of less grateful Skies;  
 But when the Sun bursts forth, conceal'd no more,  
 Its Rays dart fiercer than they did before.

---

### AN EPITHALAMIUM.

*On Mr. Lucy's Marriage with Miss Maria L—ne.*

#### I.

**L**ET Musick 'wake the Morn !  
 And aid the festive Lay ;  
 Maria's Charms inspire,  
 And Lucy's bridal Day !

#### II.

Each cheerful Voice unite !  
 Catch a Spark of Sappho's Fire,  
 Touch the Lute, and strike the Lyre ;  
 Melodious Strains invite  
 To Love and soft Desire.

#### III.

Graceful Girls, and manly Boys,  
 (Pleasing Cares, and anxious Joys,)  
 Extend thy noble Line :  
 These are the Fruits of virtuous Love,  
 Thy Pleasures, Lucy, to improve,  
 Be these, Maria, thine !

Hail !



## IV.

Hail! holy, wedded Love,  
Thou Source of boundless Joy!  
Without thee Royalty itself,  
And all its Honours cloy.

## V.

All hail! thou Pow'r divine!  
To heal our Grievs be't thine,  
Rich Cordial from above!  
Great George and Charlotte prove  
The Cares of Royalty remove  
By sweet connubial Love.

## THE ENCHANTED WELL\* :

## A BALLAD.

## I.

GOOD People attend to the Story I tell—  
 A more comical Story than Hob in the Well ;  
 Where dark Superstition still holds its Pretences,  
 Fear almost depriv'd the poor Folks of their Senses.  
*Derry Down, &c.*

## II.

'Twas reported by many who dwelt thereabout,  
 That an horrible Noise from a Well issued out ;  
 The Neighbours assemble this Wonder to hear,  
 And are ready to die with Amazement and Fear.  
*Derry Down, &c.*

## III.

Some trembled and sweated, some really fell,  
 And from others proceeded no savoury Smell ;  
 At length one more bold than the rest ventur'd nigh  
 To endeavour this terrible Monster to spy.  
*Derry Down, &c.*

## IV.

And what did he see ? O ! strange to be said,  
 A Creature with great goggle Eyes in his Head,  
 Black Back, spotted Belly, and Horns a Yard long,  
 With Holders as large and as sharp as a Prong.  
*Derry Down, &c.*

## V.

Nay, his Fears would have made him a Monster more dreaded  
 Than those which the famous Knights Errant beheaded ;  
 Some

\* In this and the following burlesque Subject, a strict Attention  
 to Metre was not designed.

Some said that the Well was bewitch'd—others said  
It portended the Plague, or a great Want of Bread.

*Derry Down, &c.*

## VI.

The poor Maid of the House was just scar'd from her Wits,  
And with Drams could she scarcely be kept from the Fits;  
And was oft heard to say, "O! most dreadful Disaster!  
" 'Tis the Devil, no Doubt, come for me and my Master."

*Derry Down, &c.*

## VII.

The Master began his old Sins to look o'er;  
A Thing which had giv'n him no Trouble before;  
His Prayers he says, but looks horribly grum,  
For he fears that in earnest the Devil was come.

*Derry Down, &c.*

## VIII.

Great Rewards are propos'd this Monster to slay,  
Or, if 'twas the Devil, to drive him away;  
But who could so hardy, so stark mad, be found,  
To encounter a Fiend, that dwelt under Ground!

*Derry Down, &c.*

## IX.

A stout Fellow, at length, a valourous Knight,  
Undertook this most terrible Monster to fight;  
An old rusty Helmet and Sword were his Arms,  
The Foe to annoy, and himself save from Harms.

*Derry Down, &c.*

## X.

Thus accouter'd, he boldly goes into the Well,  
Where no such great Bloodshed as thought of, befell;

For,

For, good Folks, no Dragon or Fiend could be found,  
Tho' he bid him Defiance, and look'd all around.

*Derry Down, &c.*

XI.

Yet the Noise still continued, so something must be,  
Some vile Dæmon below, which he could not see;  
But, at length, sharply looking, a Toad he espied,  
And like a brave Knight, thrust the Sword thro' his Side.

*Derry Down, &c.*

XII.

The Noise ceas'd directly the Monster was dead,  
With the great goggle Eyes, and the Horns on his Head;  
So the Mountains, 'tis said, were in Labour of old,  
And brought forth a Mouse, as Friend Æsop has told.

*Derry Down, &c.*

XIII.

Had our Knight been as wise as Don Quixote of Yore,  
When he ventur'd Montefino's Cave to explore,  
What Troops of Enchanters had yielded their Breath,  
And how many fair Nymphs been restor'd, as from Death.

*Derry Down, &c.*

---

*The* COBLER *and the* TAYLOR:

A BALLAD.

I.

"NEIGHBOUR Snip," bawls the Cobler, one Morning,  
"Your Horns appear wonderful high."

"My Wife is as honest as thine,

"You \*Chew-tacker Rascal, you lie.

"I'll

\* *Tacker* is a provincial Word for Shoemaker's Thread.



## II.

" Ill slit up thy Nose with my Scissars,  
" If dost say a Word more, or stay here."  
The Cobler runs up in a Fury,  
And thrusts his Awl quite thro' his Ear.

## III.

" Body of me !" quoth the Taylor,  
" I never was serv'd so before ;  
" To be mangled, and basely call'd Cuckold,  
" And my Boy, here, the Son of a Wh—e."

## IV.

His Wife, who had heard all the Squabble,  
Rushes in, for she wanted no Whetters ;  
Then seizing the Cobler, she roars,  
" I'll teach thee to slander thy Betters."

## V.

With that, she discharges a Jordan  
On his Head, which ran down his Chin ;  
And he gaping wide to rail at her,  
The agreeable Julap flow'd in.

## VI.

Snip presently closes in with him,  
And well lathers his Eyes, Nose, and all ;  
Whilst Sue bangs his Bones with the Joram\*,  
And pelts him with Sherds to his Stall.

\* A provincial Word for a Bowl or large earthen Vessel.

*On a Lady who painted well.*

**P**ROCEED, my Muse, the various Scene disclose,  
 Say, how those Trees in beauteous Order rose.  
 What curious Hand perform'd th' amazing Part?  
 Nature, for once, is overcome by Art.  
 Who can in softly-murm'ring Accents shew  
 How the clear Streams in nat'ral Windings flow  
 Thro' painted Meadows? How the Fishes glide,  
 And seem to wanton in the mazy Tide?  
 Sure 'tis Elysium all! the blushing Rose  
 Near purple Vi'lets beautifully grows.  
 Grow! yes; for in what Counterfeit is seen  
 Such lively colouring of Red and Green?  
 For, see! the Paintings of an Age before  
 Serve but as Foils to set it off the more.  
 No painted Flow'r, I know extremely well,  
 Exhales so rich a Fragrancy of Smell!  
 Pardon, divinely Fair-one, the Mistake,  
 Which the best Judges very well may make,  
 For when I saw the Rose's lively Hue,  
 I thought it breath'd sweet Odours, but 'twas you.

---

 AN Æ N I G M A.

**I**N Climes remote from where Sol's piercing Ray  
 On the parch'd Waste darts the full Blaze of Day,  
 Lawless I roam, and at my stern Command  
 In strongest Chains is bound th' astonish'd Land.  
 No Monarch rules with such despotick Sway,  
 My boldest Subjects dare not disobey;  
 For with a Look, I like Medusa's Head,  
 Unpitying can strike the Mifcreant dead.  
 See'st thou yon River rage with headlong Force?  
 I with a touch can stop its rapid Course;

Its

Its madd'ning Waves, at my Command, are still,  
 Nor dare they murmur at their Master's Will.  
 If such my Pow'r, no less my Skill you'll prize,  
 No Painter bids more various Shapes arise,  
 A new Creation charms your wond'ring Eyes;  
 Trees, Flow'rs, and Hills, as mimick Fancy feigns,  
 Birds, Beasts, and Castles crowd the beauteous Plains.  
 With all my Pow'r a potent Foe I fear,  
 I stay not for the Combat when he's near:  
 At his Approach my gay Creation flies,  
 And the fair Portraiture dissolves and dies.

## A C H A R A D E.

UNKNOWN to Indian Savages,  
 My *First* in Europe's seen;  
 I put on great Variety,  
 Black, blue, white, yellow, green.

My *Second* for Defence is made,  
 And causes many a Wound:  
 I'm long, I'm short, I'm crooked, strait,  
 I'm rough, smooth, flat, and round.

These two, discreetly join'd, will shew  
 A Friend in your Distress;  
 A Friend, when Difficulties rise,  
 To make your Trouble less.

Compassion marks the tender Heart,  
 Then learn from me to please—  
 Where the Shoe pinches, cheerfully  
 Give to the wretched Ease.

H

ANOTHER.

## A N O T H E R.

**M**Y *First* is an uncommon Blessing,  
 Whose Worth encreases by possessing.  
 But, like my *Second*, you may find  
 It often changes with the Wind.  
 These join'd together, you will see  
 A valuable Rarity.

---

To MASTER CHARLES L—,

*In a frosty Morning at School.*

## A S I M I L E.

**S**O have I seen a chilly Thrush,  
 His Head low sunk beneath his Wing;  
 Sit shiv'ring in a thorny Bush,  
 Whom piercing Cold forbids to sing.

But when the Sun new Warmth supplies,  
 Then shall he stretch his little Throat;  
 And as the vernal Zephyrs rise,  
 Shall charm us with each pretty Note.

So you, dear Charles, when Years increase,  
 And Childhood yields to sprightly Youth,  
 Your Friends, and all the World shall please  
 With Wisdom, Elegance, and Truth.

---

## A SUMMER'S EVENING.

## A F R A G M E N T.

**W**HEN the glorious God of Day,  
 Haft'ning his departing Ray,

Veil'd



Veil'd his Face from human View  
 In a Cloud of purple Hue,  
 Waving into many a Fold  
 Skirted with refulgent Gold;  
 Then the beauteous Queen of Night,  
 Rising with her milder Light,  
 Opposite in Eastern Sky  
 Does her Brother's Beams supply,  
 And sweet Philomela's Note  
 Varies in her warbling Throat.  
 See! Bôôtes, friendly Sign  
 To the distant-falling Pine,  
 In the North advancing far  
 Slowly drives his sluggish Car.  
 See! the Stars in bright Array  
 Whiten all the Milky Way:  
 Suns unnumber'd there abound,  
 Worlds in Myriads rolling round!

---

### ADDRESSED TO TWO LADIES,

*Desiring some Verses upon FRIENDSHIP.*

**T**O you, ye Fair, the tribute Lay is due;  
 Oh! were it form'd to please as much as you,  
 Then would my Muse on Eagle-Pinions fly,  
 And fetch your fav'rite Subject from the Sky;  
 For surely there immortal Friendship springs;  
 A brighter Jewel than the Crown of Kings!  
 For Brambles round the golden Circle grow,  
 Cares hover o'er, pale Fears, and endless Woe.  
 Friendship's a Cordial to the troubled Mind;  
 God's noblest Gift, tho' God in all is kind.  
 Sweet is the Breath of Morn, when Maia yields  
 Her fragrant Offspring to adorn the Fields;

Sweet is the luscious Fruit of diff'rent Trees ;  
 Sweet is the Honey of the busy Bees ;  
 Sweet is the Song of Lark high pois'd in Air,  
 And sweeter far your Smiles, ye lovely Fair !  
 But neither Breath of Morn, when Maia yields  
 Her fragrant Offspring to adorn the Fields ;  
 Nor the most luscious Fruit of diff'rent Trees ;  
 Nor sweetest Honey of the busy Bees ;  
 Nor warbling Song of Lark high pois'd in Air ;  
 Nor e'en your heav'nly Smiles, ye lovely Fair !  
 With the blest Sweets of Friendship can compare. }  
 What ! tho' my Fields with yellow Harvests shine,  
 Tho' Fortune's num'rous Bounties all combine  
 To make me happy, am I truly so  
 If unacquainted with the Charms that flow  
 From Heav'n-born Friendship ? Nothing can avail,  
 Or Trouble soothe, where Ties of Friendship fail.  
 Can Wealth in Scenes of Ease the Mind employ,  
 Or *tune* the drooping Heart to real Joy ?  
 Ah ! no ; but when two Minds, like your's, unite,  
 It lessens Grief, and heightens true Delight.  
 So have I seen two beauteous Rivers flow,  
 Each separately murm'ring out its Woe,  
 But when united, half their Complaint subsides,  
 With undistinguish'd Waves the Current glides, }  
 And swells and glories with augmented Tides.  
 Nor flatt'ring Compliments, nor specious Smiles,  
 Vows, Promises, and such-like Courtier's Wiles  
 Prove Friendship real, but the melting Heart,  
 Which bears in haggard Grief an equal Part.  
 Those are the Swallows of a Summer's Day,  
 Who, when the Sun emits a fainter Ray,  
 The Climate change, to distant Regions fly,  
 And seek for Shelter in a warmer Sky.  
 But wedded Minds, forever must agree,  
 Always remain in strictest Harmony.

Just so in Musick, if my Laura's Hand  
 (Expert the flowing Numbers to command)  
 Touches a Lyre, if others present be,  
 The Sister Strings resound by Sympathy.

Δακρύων γεχάσασα.\*

AS fair Andromache, with anxious Thought,  
 Reflected on the bloody Battles fought;  
 How many Heroes the fierce Græcians slew!  
 Her boding Heart a mournful Presage drew:  
 For her dear Hector ev'ry Fear possess'd,  
 And wrung, with keenest Grief, her tortur'd Breast.  
 When, lo! Aftyanax, that lovely Boy,  
 Her Features lighted with a Smile of Joy;  
 And whilst her Bosom heav'd the lab'ring Sigh,  
 Maternal Fondness sparkled in her Eye.  
 So yon bright Orb, when Show'rs obscure the Day,  
 Darts thro' a watry Cloud a cheering Ray.

\* These Words are Part of an affecting Passage in Homer, which caused the Lines following.—The Writer meant not to give a Translation, which is already done by an eminent Hand, but has varied the Circumstances to suit the Simile at the Conclusion.

A SONNET.

P O E M S.  
A S O N N E T.  
T H E W I S H.

SWEET Peace !\*  
That flit the Palaces of Kings,  
Come to my rural Cell,  
With young and rosy Health,  
And her fair Sister, calm Content†,  
In happy Union dwell.

Content !§  
That flows from Innocence of Life,  
Shall make Health's Roses bloom ;  
Tho' clad in russet Gown,  
Nor Gem so bright, nor Eastern Nard  
Distills such rich Perfume !

Blest Health !  
Tho' courted, seldom found a Guest  
At choice luxurious Fare ;  
Like Echo, drown'd in Noise,  
Thou seek'st the far-sequester'd Vale :  
Oh ! may I find thee there.

\* In Opposition to the Cares of Royalty, or any other busy or exalted Station.

† Content promotes Health, and is a Virtue happy in its own Resources, without envying, or endeavouring to rival others.

§ To make Content perfect, it should not be interrupted with any Upbraidings of Conscience, but must always be joined with Virtue, and may be said to flow from Integrity of Life, and a Submission to Providence.

F I N I S.



## E R R A T A.

Page 6, Line 27, after *sweet Bird*, instead of a Colon, a Note of Admiration should have been placed.

Page 9, Line 9, for *Exstacies*, read *Ecstacies*.

Ditto, Line 11, for *and wide-roaming*, read — *Ye wide-roaming*,

Ditto, Line 22, for *whereof*, read *where of*.

Page 12, *Maudlin*, contracted from *Magdalen*, which read in the Note.

Page 23, last Line but one, for *desired*, read *desir'd*.

Page 41, last Line, for *in*, read *on*.

Page 61, for *γελάσσα*, read *γελάσσα*.

The Reader is desired to correct any other Typographical Errors.